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OLUME XLV. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1900. NUMBER 21

It is reported that the attempt to establish free telephone stations in the city of Janesville, Wis., has been defeated on account of the vandalism of the public, but surely the *Independent* is right when it says there is here a splendid opportunity for some enterprising town or telephone company to make a useful experiment half way toward complete free service.

The *Philistine* in its last issue says: "The question of man vs. climate is still unsettled; already we see that there are 2,000 saloons in Manila where none grew before; our soldiers there are taking most kindly to cock-fighting on Sunday, and the yellow girls in many instances have made our brave boys forget the girls at home."

The universities were generous at their recent anniversaries to the liberal preachers. Harvard made Prof. Boros of Hungary a D. D. Bowdoin remembered Rev. Samuel A. Eliot the same way and St. Lawrence University honored Rev. Joseph H. Crooker with the same degree. The significant thing about this last degree is that Mr. Crooker has rightfully won his title by the publication of such books on Jesus and the Bible that provoked prompt distrust and opposition at this university center only a few years ago.

Is the suggestion of W. T. Stead in the Independent of recent date to make July 4 a festival day for the whole English speaking race so wild a scheme as it would seem to many? Does not the wiser England, the united states of Australasia, as well as the federated Canada, glory in the declaration of independence that recognizes that "all just powers derive their consent from the governed?" But when we get thus far, why stop with the English speaking races? Why not a Fourth of July that will be a liberty festival all the way around the globe?

This is the way Dr. Thoms of Chicago finds a sermon, not in stones, but in the asphalt pavement that takes the place of the stones. After watching a gang of black men spread the hot asphalt in front of his Monroe street residence, he said:

> It has made me wish more than ever that I might be in close touch with that under world of labor. In this work I have seen some of the stuff that goes to the making of men.
>
> When the asphalt leaves the furnaces it registers 285 degrees. It is dumped into the street at a temperature of 250 degrees. With boards bound to their feet these negro experts begin spreading the stuff. Their feet have become calloused to the heat in great measure, but occasionally a workman would leave his task, take off board and shoe, and discover a long, pouched blister along the bottom of his foot. With a pen-knife he splits the skin, lets the water out, and rubs salt into the opening. Then putting on his shoe and his plank sole, he goes to work again on a hot surface that would disable any ordinary man who would stand on it for five minutes. And all this done in the utmost good nature, with no houndings by a captious boss.
>
> This work has been a great lesson to me. It has been a source of strength to my belief that the church has a mission in reaching out to such public servitors. For whatever may be said of paving in the city at large, this particular piece of work has been well done.

At Tower Hill, the place of this writing, the call of "Bob White" makes cheerful the rainy day, and the roadside is decorated with the prim figure of the exquisite quail. This voice was well-nigh lost to Wisconsin and is just beginning to be a familiar note once more, but alas, if our information is correct, it is to be so but for a short time, for the respite granted the gracious creatures by the game laws of Wisconsin is soon to end, and again the slayer will sally forth with his costly equipments of breech-loading rifle, smokeless powder and trained dogs for the purpose of killing off the quails of this beautiful state. Yea, man is verily a bloodthirsty animal. Is this the beginning of that "strenuous" training that ends in standing armies and mighty navies which, according to certain philosophers, is so necessary in the development of manly men and noble nations?

The Department of Agriculture at Washington is about to issue a special bird bulletin that will have great ethical and scientific significance, as well as economic importance. The bulletin is called for by the Congressional committee who have in charge bird protecting legislation, and it is hoped will greatly further such enactments. Dr. Palmer, the author of the document, calls attention to the fact that most legislation thus far has been in the interest of the so-called "game birds," which really represent less than 20 per cent of the birds of North America and by no means the most valuable birds to man. Our readers will wait with us eagerly for the promised bulletin; meanwhile it is humiliating to know that even this "game bird" protection is not in the interest of the bird, but in the interest of those who ask the government to secure for themselves the maximum "sport" in the klling. When we think of how the world is being denuded of bird beauty by the masculine passion for "sport" and the feminine passion for ornamentation, we are prepared to accept Seton Thompson's phrase, "Man is the universal destroyer."

Some weeks ago the writer of this note spent the four hours that spans the midnight in a lonely tower that guarded the intersection of two great trunk lines. The "crossing" was 150 miles over in Indiana. The human world was asleep for leagues around, but the man in the tower with two telegraphic instruments at his hand, nineteen levers for switching and derailing, with the confusing blue, green, red and white lights piercing with weird effect the

darkness, held the lives of countless men in his hand. Now the long freight train was delayed to the northward, while the eastward express thundered by with its sleeping human freight, then a "wild" crept along from the south, disturbing his schedule, waiting permission to proceed. Altogether, perhaps, twelve or fifteen trains heading east, west, north and south, thundered by the man in the tower, who in years was scarcely more than a boy. It was fearful to think what a single mistake would bring forth. How necessary then that this "operator" should have a clear head, steady nerve, a certain hand and a vigilant eye. How far reaching would be the distractions of an alcoholic dram or the stupifactions of nicotine. No wonder that the Chicago & Rock Island Railway system should have decided that the cigarette smoker must go. No one addicted to this habit is taken into the service, and those now in the service must choose between the cigarette and continuance. Railroad companies are not sentimental, not even ethical primarily, but they are practical and economic, and this amounts to the same thing if the lines are surveyed at sufficient length. Let other railroads seek a safe service and they will insure thereby a moral service. Strength and nobility, skill and sobriety in the last analysis are identical.

President Making.

Now that the Kansas City convention has become a thing of history, the presidential campaign is fairly on, and the sensitive conscience will have a hard time of it in trying to discharge aright the the suffrage duty. The Kansas City platform, like the Philadelphia platform, is a thing of compromises. Many things were slurred over dear to the heart of millions of American citizens who looked to Kansas City for the conscience road to election day, such as the righteousness of the income tax, government ownership and control of the means of transportation and other natural monopolies and direct legislation in the shape of the initiative and referendum. Other things were put into the platform under protest of a large minority for consistency's sake on the part of some and conscience' sake on the part of others, such as the wavering attitude toward the 16 to 1 and the uncertain utterances concerning trusts.

But there never was a time when there was less need of or respect for platforms. As we see it, there is but one supreme moral issue in the politics of the world today, and that is industrialism vs. militarism, peace vs. war. At other times questions of detail in administration, adjustments of commerce and the economic interests of the country may command attention, but to-day the great world question of the standing army has come to the front in American politics. In the presence of this all other questions must wait, and they can afford to wait, for when the awful burden of armies and that misinterpretation of a nation's strength and valor we call a navy are retired from the front of governmental concern and expense the economic interests of the community will be largely solved.

Students of the political situation to-day will do well to read in the July Review of Reviews the articles on McKinley and Bryan, as studied from friendly standpoint. The article on McKinley is anonymous, but we are told it is written by "one who is close to the president, very loyally and heartily devoted to him." The article on Bryan is by Charles B. Spahr, of the Outlook staff, and it is also written by one who is in closest sympathy with his subject. The words republican and democrat never had so little significance to the intelligent voter as this year. Perhaps the personality of the candidates never exerted so little influence. By common consent both are recognized as gentlemen whose private lives are above reproach, while the friends and admirers of McKinley admit that there are few prophetic elements in his character, and the friends of Bryan realize painfully that the gift of oratory and the enthusiasm of a reformer do not necessarily prove the competency to administer the high trusts that belong to the executive officer of the United States. Hence there is a louder call and a larger field for independency than were ever before presented at a presidential campaign.

McKinley assumes the responsibility of the war in the Philippine archipelago. His administration unblushingly asks the nation for countless millions to be expended for battleships, and his advocates make light of the dangers of militarism and imperialism. Notably, Senator Depew has been treating them in the English press recently as meaningless goblins, while the supporters of Bryan, however they may disagree on other things, are taking the declaration of independence seriously, and grieve over the undemocratic move that seeks to introduce "American institutions" by violence, and to the neglect of the fundamental element in all American institutions, viz., self-government. As the conscientious voter feels upon this great question will he be compelled to vote this fall, knowing that no minor interests can excuse loyalty to this major issue.

Truth.

To view the world with eyes of loving zest,
  Beholding so the land, and sky, and sea,
  The butterfly, the bird, the rose, the tree;
And in fair nature's pictures to be blest
With beauty new upon her pages pressed—
  This is in touch of love with truth to be;
  This is at altar vast to bend the knee,
And satisfaction find of joy and rest!
Then come to nearer neighbor in the man,
  Love others with a passion pure as air,
    Abide by instincts of immortal youth,
Follow creation's e'er enlarging plan—
  To make her earth with finer summer fair—
    And then you sceptre have o'er world of truth!

Fairhaven, Mass. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

GOOD POETRY.

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
  Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
  That God or Nature hath assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—
  I seek no more than may suffice.
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
  Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
  No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to win a lover's eye—
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why, my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
  I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they have;
  And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
  I grudge not at another's gain;
No wordly wave my mind can toss;
  I brook that is another's bane.
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss;
  I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
  I fear not fortune's fatal law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
  I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
  In greatest storms I sit on shore.
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
  I feign not love where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will;
  I wait not at the mighty's gate.
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe;
  Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden meant betwixt them both
  Doth surest sit, and fears no fall;
This is my choice; for why, I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
  My conscience clear my chief defense;
I never seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offense.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM BYRD.

THE PULPIT.

From a discourse by Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York, published in "Mind," July, 1900.

* * * * * * *

All these historic difficulties in the orthodox conception of the Incarnation grow out of the historic misconception of the thought of God by orthodoxy. The revolt of our modern world from this thought of God carries with it a revolt from the thought of the Christ. We are in revolt morally and imaginatively and spiritually from this deistic conception of God. So, as we are breaking loose from it, we are groping our way into the new thought of Christ.

The trouble with the old thought is that it will not fit into the conception of the Divine Being as we now know Him, revealed through the Universe, which is His manifestation. The Universe is all of a piece. As Dr. Francis Abbot writes: "So far as modern investigations go they tend to prove that mind is everywhere; identical in kind, however varied in degree." There is a fundamental spiritual identity, then, between man and the Universe, in point of essential nature. One and the same mind is present throughout the Universe—one and the same life throughout the Cosmos, in varying degrees. Through all the processes of the infinite order, there is the unfolding of this Life—the increasing manifestation of this Mind. The Universe is an organism—the body of an indwelling Soul, or Spirit. It is God bodying himself—God incarnating or infleshing of Himself. Every form of life is an expression of the Divine Being—of that Holy Ghost, or Spirit, who is the Lord and giver of life. Creation is not a thing made by Him, but a life grown by Him; not a deed projected out of Him, but a thought springing within the Infinite Mind—a flashing forth of the Divine Being into the Cosmos. So that in every tree, in every bird, in every man, in ascending series and gradations, there is this indwelling Spirit, this omnipresent Life, this one Mind and Soul of the Cosmos or Universe.

This one Life, in differing degrees, is the measure of the Divine Incarnation. There is more of God bodied in the bird than in the tree—more of God bodied in the man than in the bird. Each organic ascent of life pulls a new stop in the great organ of being, and a new note is emitted. Man sums the whole lower creation. All its forces, its elements, and its laws reappear in him. He is the microcosm, or little world. Man is the true incarnation of God. There is, however, more of God in some men than in others. There is more of mind, which is God, in Shakespeare than in the peasant of Stratford, who looked at him and dully wondered over this queer man from London. There is more of the soul of God in Francis of Assisi than in his stupid monks, who never understood him until he died—and then misunderstood him.

What can the highest expression of God be? Is it in the strong man? Is it in the wise man? Or is it the good man? Character must be the supreme and essential reality in the Divine Being. Therefore, when we stand, with the early disciples, before the supremely good man, faultless so far as we can see, sinless so far as we can trace—what are we to say of that man? Can we say otherwise than that God is in him—that he is God manifest to us? Can we otherwise than identify in him the full and essential nature of God? That is precisely the way through which the early disciples groped toward the recognition of an Incarnation. "Thou art the Christ," full of all beautiful goodness. "Thou art the Christ—the Son of the living God."

But, we pause and ask: Was all the being of God in

Jesus? Was Jesus a musician? Was he an artist? Was he this, that or the other manifestation of that Infinite Life—that Mind which we reverently adore as God? He was no Shakespeare. He was no Raphael. He was no Wagner. Then, there are other manifestations of God than that which embodied itself in Jesus. He cannot be called the complete manifestation of God. He was the manifestation of the essential nature of the God who is essentially character, goodness. It would take a whole humanity to incarnate the whole being of God. The incarnation in the human race is the ultimate and complete incarnation. In MAN, writ large, is the complete embodiment of God. Perfected humanity would be "the Grand Man," of whom Swedenborg dreamed and Compte prophesied. Such a grand man is yet to stand upon this earth: a humanity thought out of the mind of God; breathed out from the Spirit of God; clothed with the powers of God; having dominion over the Universe; the form of the Divine Man, across whose features will play the expression we love to trace in the face of Jesus, the Christ.

If this "Man-child glorious" is to be the outcome of the human story, of the processes of evolution—the complete manifestation of God in the race, of the God who is not only its Creator but its Father—then we may rise another step in our conception. What the outcome is, that also is the ingo. What the evolution is, that also is the involution. The thought of the perfected humanity must needs first stand erect in the mind of God, distinct, complete, and whole. It is not slowly manufactured into completeness, but is an organic entity, growing into a living fullness of being, a divine improvisation of the Eternal One. It is a perfect thought in the Divine Mind before it begins to take shape, slowly, as a perfected creation. In some such way have all the greatest works of genius come into being. "Paradise Lost" was first flashed through Milton's mind in its perfection, as a complete whole—so he tells us. The greatest musician of the world tells us the same secret. Wagner writes of Siegfried:

"It is not my way to choose a certain subject, elaborate it into verse, and then excogitate music suitable to go with it . . . My method is different from that. In the first place, no subjects attract me except such as present a musical as well as poetical import to me at the same time. Then, before I begin to make a verse, or even to project a scene, I am already intoxicated by the musical fragrance of my task. I have all the tones, all the characteristic motives, in my head, so that when the verses are completed, and the scenes arranged, the opera is practically finished, so far as I am concerned; and the detailed execution of the work is little more than a quiet after-labor, which has been preceded by the real moments of creation."

It was from a recognition of this truth of psychology that there grew into being the doctrine of the Divine Incarnation.

Philo, the Alexandrian Jew—the immediate father of our Christian doctrine—tells us that God is the Divine Architect; and, as the architectural genius does not string together, bit by bit, the fragments of his temple, but conceives it altogether as a whole, so God conceived the whole Universe. It was a complete thought in His mind before it began to be. This is what some of our wise men tell us is the meaning of the the first chapter of Genesis; that it is not a history of the creation of the world, as we think of it, but the story of the creation of the world in the Divine Mind, as thought after thought rose and rounded itself into the shape of a perfect Universe, before God said aught. This was Augustine's interpretation; as, in our own day, it was the interpretation of Maurice. That perfect thought of the whole Universe is the Logos. It is the "Word" of our St. John's Gospel.

Now, the thought of God, or the Logos, is in all things, making the Universe intelligible; else we could have no knowledge. It is this which, being in all things, makes it possible for us to have our knowledges of all things. These knowledges are not merely our knowings of the outer universe, but our recognition of the Son of God—the Word of God, the Logos, the Divine Thought, which is in all things. This truth is embodied in the very terms in which we speak of our sciences as real knowledges. Thus we have Geology, or the Logos of the earth. We have Biology, or the Logos of life. We have Meteorology, or the science of the atmosphere. We have Sociology, or the science of society. We have no knowledge that is not a knowledge or thought of the inner idea—that inner thought which makes and holds the Universe in being: the Logos of God itself.

One other step in my hasty review of this subject. What could that thought, standing complete in the mind of God, have been—what can it be? It must be a thought of the whole Universe, of which man is the crown. Man is the outcome of Nature, embodying its elements, forces and laws. Man is a personal being. The type or form or pattern of all the things that culminate in man—of the cosmos which flowers in man—must have been, must be the thought of a Personal Being. As is man, or humanity, so is the whole Cosmos, or beautiful order. Such is the thought or Logos thereof in the Divine Mind.

Now, what can that be, in the language of metaphysics, or philosophy, but a perfect expression of the mind and spirit and character of God; a life, a being in which the very life, the very being of God comes out; the Son of the Father—the very God of very God—God Himself thinking Himself into being? We are here far away in the clouds of metaphysics; but the moment you climb out of superficial, empiric knowledge, you are led on, step by step, until, whether you like it or not, you ascend these heights of philosophy. This Logos, or Perfect Thought, is in you; it is in me—the essence of our being, as it is the substance of the Universe, which is simply God's thought spoken aloud.

And so we find the secret of the identification of Jesus with the Logos. I have already indicated that he can be called the embodiment of the Logos, or thought-word of God, not as a complete embodiment of the faculties of man, not as a complete expression of the being of God, but only as the perfect embodiment or manifestation of the moral and spiritual character of God. He is the soul of God seen in a man. Because God is essentially goodness, the church has identified Jesus, the Good-man, with the Divine Logos, the thought-word of God.

You will see now whither we have reached, as, in the language of Martineau, we learn this truth: "The blending of the two natures is not a biographical, but an eternal fact, belonging to the essence of their relation. The particular incarnation of the evangelical history reveals and realizes the universal truth; to which all its exceptional and marking features—miraculous birth, agony, and crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension—stand related as symbols to the reality; as phenomena that tell the tale of an eternity."

The Incarnation, then, is no new fact; it is as old as humanity—as old as the Universe. It is no special fact; it is a generic fact—universal as man, as Nature; true of all individuals, as they are made in the image of God. It is no exception to the general law; it is His general law itself. It is no miracle; it is the very order and constitution of the Universe itself. It is no coming down of God out of heaven; but, as Augustine said, it is the coming out of God in man, which we cannot conceive in the language of space and time. It is

no finished action; but a movement going on and developing through the history of man.

This is, as I understand, the philosophic interpretation of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. Thomas Aquinas declared that the Incarnation is the exaltation of human nature and the consummation of the Universe. It is the inner secret and significance of the whole process of evolution.

What, then, is the difference between Jesus and other men? Jesus is not essentially different from us. The difference is one of degree. It is not in kind; since he could say, on leaving us: "I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." But the difference, marks a difference in kind.
purposes, marks a difference in kind.

Is Jesus, then, a mere man? Is there such a being in our world as a mere man? No; in all of us there is that mystery of which the Apostle writes: "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" Jesus is the symbol of the human race. The reality is to be found wherever that other word of the Apostle comes true in human experience, and "Christ," the Logos, the Thought-word of man in the Divine Mind, is "born in you." The fruition of the Incarnation is to be found in the realized vision of Paul, as to the issue of evolution: "Till we all come to a perfect manhood in Christ Jesus—to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Jesus Christ."

If you have followed me in this thought, you will have seen that from the new thought of God is growing the new thought of Christ, in which there is no difficulty or perplexity save that which pertains to the inevitable mystery that surrounds us all. Apart from the historic thought of Christ, we have reached to this rational, scientific reconception of the doctrine of the Christ, of the Incarnation. But have we here a brand new thought? If so, then we must remember the old saying that the novel in theology is the false in theology. All that is spiritual is old. Only the intellectual changes. The original meaning of the Creed, lost and now rescued, is none other than this very conception which I have presented. No other meaning is possible. Any other interpretation lands us in the Arian heresy.

The Creed itself says: "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth [the term "Maker" is archaic], and of all things visible and invisible; and in one Lord Jesus Christ [here Jesus is identified with the ideal man, the Divine thought of man, the Logos, the Son of the Father; and henceforth the Creed in its affirmation concerning Jesus is really speaking of this Christ—of the Logos that is identified with Jesus]; the only-begotten Son of God [as the thought is not a thing made outside of the author, but an idea generated within the mind of the author—the offspring of the very life of the Father]; begotten of His Father before all worlds [as the thought precedes the deed]; God of God; Light of Light; very God of very God [as the thought is of the same substance with the thinker]; begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father [there being but one Substance in the Universe, which is God]; by [or through] whom all things were made [more correctly, were generated]; who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven and was Incarnate."

You will perceive that this language of the Creed is pure philosophy, and is to be read as such. This alone possible interpretation of the Creed is that which the most philosophic of the fathers gave to it. The philosophy of the Greek fathers was a theistic interpretation of the Universe. It grew out of a genuinely evolutionist conception of the Cosmos; but out of evolution conceived as a spiritual and not merely a material process. The Greek fathers learned this from the higher Greek philosophy, and from the mystic philosophies of the East; all of which were seething in the thought of the Church in the first centuries. The East had anticipated our modern doctrine of evolution; though, as there held, it was not a strictly scientific conception, but rather a poetic and philosophic conception.

A theistic thought of the Universe in almost every land of antiquity had inevitably developed this very conception of the Logos or Thought-Word of the Father; and thus had prepared the way for the development of philosophy that took place in the Christian Church. The fathers were intent on interpreting the Cosmos ethically and spiritually. They, therefore, read the problem of the Universe in the light of the life of Jesus, the Christ. Their philosophy was thus cosmology led up into ethics. In this attempt they naturally drew from the mystic philosophizings of the Greeks and of the Orientals. The Gnostics, who first introduced such speculations into Christendom, were led away by them into all sorts of wild fancies and metaphysical absurdities. The soberer minds of the orthodox fathers chastened these speculations, absorbed what was good in them, threw off their extravagancies, and thus the orthodox doctrine gradually evolved itself out of these Gnostic philosophizings. We can trace this evolution distinctly.

The real father of the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation was the Alexandrian Jew, Philo—the devout soul in whom Platonic philosophy and Eastern mysticism united to interpret the ethical and spiritual contents of Judaism. The doctrine of the Logos is the central feature of Philo's philosophic system. What he meant by it is made perfectly plain in such a noble passage as the following.

"For God, as shepherd and king, governs, according to law and justice, like a flock of sheep, the earth and water, and air and fire, and all the plants and living things that are in them, whether they be mortal or divine, as well as the course of heaven and the periods of sun and moon, and the variations and harmonious revolutions of the other stars; having appointed His true Word (Logos), His first-begotten Son, to have the care of his sacred flock, as the vicegerent of a great king."

Professor Drummond, in his fine study of Philo, closes the chapter on "The Logos" with this statement:

"From first to last, the Logos is the thought of God, dwelling subjectively in the Infinite Mind, planted out and made objective in the universe. The Cosmos is a tissue of rational force which images the beauty, the power, the goodness of its primeval fountain. The reason of man is this same rational force, entering into consciousness and held by each in proportion to the truth and variety of his thoughts; and to follow it is the law of righteous living. Each form which we can differentiate as a distinct species, each rule of conduct which we can treat as an injunction of reason, is itself a Logos; one of those innumerable thoughts or laws into which the universal thought may, through self-reflection, be resolved. Thus, wherever we turn, these words, which are really works, of God, confront us, and lift our minds to that uniting and cosmic thought which, though comprehending them, is itself dependent, and tells us of that impenetrable Being from whose inexhaustible fulness it comes, of whose perfections it is the shadow, and whose splendors, too dazzling for all but the purified intuitions of the highest souls, it at once suggests and veils."

The man who chiefly fashioned our Nicene Creed was Athanasius. He was one of the most philosophic of the early fathers. What he meant by the language of the Creed we cannot misunderstand, when we consider carefully such passages as the two which I now quote. In speaking of one of the New Testament writers, he says:

"After making mention of the creation, he naturally speaks of the Framer's Power as seen in it; which Power, I say, is the Word of God, by whom all things were made. . . . If, through the Son, it came to be, and in Him all things consist, it must follow that he who contemplates the creation rightly is contemplating also the Word who framed it, and through Him begins to apprehend the Father. . . . Reasonably doth Paul, while accusing the Greeks of contemplating the harmony and order of the creation without reflecting on the Framing Word within it . . . reasonably hath he said: 'His eternal Power and Godhead,' thereby signifying the Son."

And, in another passage, Athanasius writes, making it still more indisputable what he meant:

"He, the All-Powerful, All-Holy Word of the Father, spreads His Power over all things, everywhere enlightening things, seen and unseen, holding and binding all together in Himself. Nothing is left empty of His presence, but, to all things and through all, severally and collectively, He is the Giver and Sustainer of life. He, the Wisdom of God, holds the universe like a lute, and keeps all things in earth and air and heaven, in tune together. He it is who, binding all with each, and ordering all things by His will and pleasure, produces the perfect unity of Nature and the harmonious reign of Law."

(Continued).

The Outing of the Poor.

June has lived her span and is dying gloriously. Her gentle kisses, made impartially for country slope and city pave, are almost all bestowed, and in the nature of things the slope is ahead of the pave in bloom and blessedness.

It is early morning and a certain section of the West Side is agog with a pleasant enthusiasm, the more pleasant, perhaps, because it is only annual. Brownstone folk in the process of their continuous revel wax haggard and weary and lost capacity for anticipation and surprise, but with this particular contingent living between westward avenues the riot of sense is bigger because bottled all days in the year save one.

Think not that the blackberry patch alone can smile in late June, for here in the midst of crape, poverty and loose filth which duty-proof Tammany has failed to garner, the mouth of the tenement person is wide with glee, and the strident airs of the hurdy-gurdy give place to the melodies produced by the touch of the Great Event upon the soul-harp of the hireling oppressed in his wages. We hear of joy in heaven without surprise, but here is joy in hell. Heed, ye editors, and make a leader of it.

It is picnic day. Upon its coming whole families feed for months, and at its near approach the four flights seem to lessen to three and the erysipelas loses some of its smart.

Who wouldn't go to Sunday School a whole year for a day like this? And who's afraid of the boss, anyway? Suppose he does scowl when struck for a day off and talk about docked wages—is anyone going to let that squelch or sting him when the skirts hang white on the hempen lines and the three-piece band, all fat and florid, is waddling dockward with black boxes full of eager melody? Where are the red shoes and the white vizor cap with "Olympia" on the ribbon—and the gum? Who wore that dollar diamond last? And what has become of the skipping-rope?

The boats are at the dock, a steamer and a barge yoked together like a woman and a heifer on the steep slope of a Tennessee mountain. Ten to one that the woman will do most of the work.

Is the capacity sufficient? See, the tenements are reluctantly yielding their prey. The happiness of the emancipated horde! Is there room for it aboard? Or will it be crowded through the netting 'neath the rail and sterilize the dirty river with its touch; or, mounting upward, bestride a silver cloud and ride through the gates into the city to show the angels what the real thing is like?

That woman in the black bonnet sitting on the stringer of the dock—she was the first to come. Her name is Benton. Her boy is on the Island, but daily the mother love scouts the opinion of the jury and says within itself, "He never done it!" She is waiting for September to come. The boy will be out then. If I were to tell you how little she had for a wage during the last two years and how much she gave to the church, you would scarcely believe me. And now she is out of work altogether, except for a little sewing at Hartley House. That big basket seems out of all proportion to the lunch which must be inside. She is worrying a little about the minister, afraid, this early, that he will be left ashore. (She can't read and he tells her what is in her boy's letters and answers them for her, writing what she dictates. When he preaches she hangs on his words and supplements his salary with her love.)

Mrs. Benton is not alone now; in fact, you can hardly see her in the swarm. The gangplank is placed and over it they go—"all ages and conditions?" No; one age and one condition—all old and all poor. Find me a baby in the lot—like your own—or a soul who gets more than $9 a week. For the most part, toothless with poor food; thin with tuberculosis; pale with bad air. Markham, look here! There is a hoe in every hand, and, wondrous anomaly, happiness in every heart. Little things like poverty, toil, sorrow, sickness and death are jostled out of the program of the day. Every color is red. The two policemen are not needed, but let 'em go along. The gangplank is pulled in. The boats are tugging restlessly. Now they are swinging out. Some hapless people who cannot go are standing on the dock and waving, poor mortals! Strike up, oh, three-piece band, strike up, and see if there's enough of you to drown the yells of the Boys' Brigade, led in its vocal cavortings by Louie Snow, who sings in Calvary Church for $5 a month and his car fare.

The first few moments of the trip are devoted mainly to exploration. A barge, to a tenement child who sees one but once a year, is as a new world to Columbus. The discovery of every nook, post and opening brings a thrill.

"Chee whizz, Jimmie! Git onto der baskuts wid de carputs over 'em. Dat's de ice cream."

"Ah, wat's de matter wit' yer peepers? Dat's de pop wot de Christun Endivver's a go'n ter sell to git money fer ter buy de racks fer de hynm-books. See?"

Alas for the first speaker! Not only is he outwisdomed by the sage of the first floor back, but, getting his head fairly in the path of the breeze—which might be the breath of the mammoth woman on Bedlow's Island—he feels a lift at his new straw hat, and a second too late claps his hands to his bare head, while the hat, after sundry eddyings, settles in the white foam many yards astern, like a blue-banded duck, wing-weary and lone. And then both boats shake with the unison of a mighty shout, "Hat overboard! Hooray! Hooray!" If it had been a child instead of a hat they would have sunk with the weight of the common sorrow.

We are that half hour out now, and Mary is at her

best with the skipping-rope. Others, including the uniformed major of the brigade, "go in" and jump together until some foot, clumsier than the rest, intercepts the swing of the rope and the rhythm is broken. Men in Sunday clothes and ill-fitting collars, who don't know what to do with their hands, gather in groups of two or three and exchange commonplaces in mixed vernacular and comfort in mixed tobacco. Sallow mothers sit in the open and nurse their sallower babes without shame, while children toss bean-bags about or romp without restraint "from hold to binnacle." The incessant happiness includes all.

The boy with the club feet? He works in the lunch counter department of the corner restaurant —began last Thursday. He "don't know how much he's gittun, but's go'n ter git a raise next week." The big girl who limps had some sort of trouble with the bones of her foot. She went to the hospital "to be operated," and is just out. Those pudgy-faced youngsters in red with white trimming are the Turner twins. Their mother tells them apart "py de ear," but even this means of identification sometimes fails and "Chahly" is fed twice while "Hennery" goes without and squalls in lusty but vain protest at the favoritism of fate. The little girl with the blue eyes and blondest sort of hair is Teenie Hammerton. Once, when an entertainment at the mission was over, a famous doctor of divinity from Fifth avenue escorted her home and 'way, 'way up the stairs of the rear tenement to where her folks were all abed and snoring. She went before him in the darkness like a little star, calling encouragingly from every landing, and when he saw just where she lived and how poor her people were, he sent her "oh, stacks o' presents," which he had bought for his little boy who died.

One can tell now from a peculiar quiver of the mass and the cry of "Rubberneck!" that the landing is sighted. In the excitement the oil stove whereon the sale coffee is made is overturned and the deck runs with oil. A kind providence which seems to hover over the voyagers keeps it from catching fire, and what little is left of the wizened widow who did the cooking is saved to the world.

"Fall in!" shouts the major, and the boys line up and march in orderly fashion up the sanded walk to the grove. The rest of the exodus is a mad and merry scramble, but let him check it who dares! As well might one presume to sit prohibitively upon the corpulent matron who, after spreading her tablecloth under a tree, brings first from her basket a surreptitious bottle of something not strictly "soft," and drinks to the health of the superintendent, who, resplendent in yachting cap and carefully creased white flannel trousers, is just now passing with paraphernalia for the athletic contests. And most accurate is the diagnosis of the Bowery fisherman, "down fer de day," who jerks his thumb contemptuously in the direction of the superintendent with the exclamation, "De bloke wit' de paints on is runnin' it!"

All too short is the hour on shore, but during its golden flight Mrs. McBirney finds a bit of something that looks like heather; Johnnie Pardee storms a somewhat formidable tree and captures a bough of ripened cherries; Louise Kerr gathers more varieties of leaves than anyone else and gets the prize; "The Victors," queerly uniformed, trounce "The Invincibles" in five innings of "yellow" ball; the children jump into the air for parti-colored paper shapes sent up from a mortar which goes off with a bang, and everybody eats to his heart's content.

And now to the boat again, laden with tan and flowers, and on the way home the ice cream, the dance and the cake walk. It is even whispered—but with no fault-finding—that the conservative maiden lady who strenuously objected to the bulletin on the church is joining with the rest in, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night."

It is almost dark and the boats are almost in. They are moving slowly, as if to make no mistake at the last. The band has gone from the street song to a song of the heart, and is playing "Home, Sweet Home," while those on board are peering through the gathering night to recognize welcoming friends on shore. It has been a good day, and little Teenie Hammerton has a bright memory to put with the presents which the doctor of divinity gave her when he saw where she lived at the top of the long, dark stairs. Verily,

"The fairest thing in the city is the patience of the poor."

RICHARD R. WIGHTMAN.

New York City.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Mr. Allen is never more successful than when dealing with any aspect of nature, whether in her unqualified simplicity or as modified by human art. We are, then, entirely prepared to find his idyl of the hemp-fields in his introductory chapter altogether beautiful. It is so, and it does not need to be regarded, though Mr. Allen would have it so, as a parable of which the succeeding chapters of the book furnish an explanation, in order to completely justify itself. The story is written in a less characteristic manner than "Aftermath," if we may assume that the loose, evasive manner of "A Kentucky Cardinal" and its predecessors was Mr. Allen's characteristic note. Were this Mr. Allen's first book it would hardly so seem fresh and so individual as did his earliest ventures. It is, however, allied with all the others by occasional lapses of taste, though there are none so gross as those in "Aftermath" and the author's other books.

The present story belongs to the same family with "John Ward" and "Robert Elsmere" as a story of religious experience, a study in transitional theology. David, the hero (surname not given), goes to the Bible College in Lexington to study for the Christian ministry. But in virtue of a certain atavism in his blood and bones he reverts to the spirit of his great-grandfather, who was a comeouter and built, like Voltaire, a church to God in the early days of the Kentucky settlements. He finds that his particular church and college are as sectarian as any of the others, while claiming, like some of Paul's Corinthian xtus, to be simply "of xst.' Simultaneously the nun wooed of science opens on his view and the universe loses for him its anthropocentric character. He is expelled from church and college and subjected to the pitiful alienation of his narrow-minded parents. But there are compensations. He meets Gabriella, an offshoot of the old slaveholding aristocracy, uprooted by the great rebellion and replanted in the hemp-lands as the teacher of the village school. She is a devout Episcopalian and as such has some pleasant words from Mr. Allen, as if her beloved church were purely sentimental and beneficent and without theological dogmas. But Gabriella proves to have some that are sufficiently distinct. In the event David arrives at the conclu-

The Reign of Law: A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields. By James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible," etc. The MacMillan Company, New York, 1900.

sion that "it is love that makes a man believe in a God of love." It does not appear that his scientific attitude is abandoned, but that it is developed into a quasi Christian theism. But there is too little amplification at this point. We do not understand that Gabriella's Episcopalianism is preferred to David's "Reign of Law," but we are confident that all devout Episcopalians who read the book will say, "Surely, these things were written for our sakes." Clearness of outline is never one of the defects of Mr. Allen's quality and we have none of it here, where it is seriously required. Moreover, it will occur to certain readers that there are other manifestations of xty and of religion than those presented here, some of which have reason and sentiment upon their side.

I have made too little account of the incidental beauties and felicities of Mr. Allen's novel. And I have treated it too much as if it were an ethico-religious treatise and as a representation of what should have been. As a representation of what would have been we are bound to confess that, given such a David and such a Gabriella, the wonder is that David did not become a devoted minister of the American Episcopal Church. J. W. C.

Mrs. Gladstone.

The widow of the great English premier died at Hawarden Castle on June 14, aged eighty-eight. Mrs. Gladstone was a woman of uncommon ability and force of character. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne, and in her youth was noted for her personal beauty, her distinction of manner, and her accomplishments. It was in 1839 that she was married to W. E. Gladstone, then a rising young statesman, and from that hour to the day of his death she was the constant companion, guardian, assistant and ally of the great leader, who owed no little of the health and vigor of his later years to her incessant watchfulness and care. She zealously shielded him from the petty frets and annoyance of every-day life, relieved him largely from domestic and social responsibilities, and was ever present to insist upon his observance of those healthful precautions which, left to himself, he surely would have neglected. During Mr. Gladstone's official life she was almost as much in the public eye as he was himself. She was almost always with him when on a journey and, indeed, everywhere, except in the council chamber or in Parliament. She enjoyed his confidence in the treatment of public affairs, and, it is believed, often helped him with her suggestions. It is said that when he first took high office under the government, Mr. Gladstone asked his wife whether he should tell her nothing of the public business, and leave her free to tell impertinent inquirers that she did not know, or tell her everything and trust to her tact and discretion to keep the secrets of the government. "Tell me everything," said the wise woman. He did, and his confidence was never betrayed by any indiscretion.

Mrs. Gladstone became a center in philanthropic work. She and Mr. Gladstone started Newport Market Refuge, the purpose of which is to provide temporary shelter for men out of work. To this was soon added a boys' industrial school. When the cholera visited London in 1866, Mrs. Gladstone took an active part in organizing help for widows and orphans, and provided a house at Clapton for their benefit. Later on she was largely instrumental in establishing a convalescent home at Woodford, in Essex, where she was a frequent visitor, and she was in the habit, also, of visiting the London hospitals with the view of finding out the cases most deserving of charitable aid. At Hawarden there was an orphanage, directed under her supervision, where girls were trained for domestic service, and she was interested in many other practical good works, while her private charities, which were many, were administered with liberality and wise discretion. Her home life was rarely happy and dignified, and her acquaintance included almost all the most eminent English men and women of the time.

Of the eight children who came to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, six are living. One of the sons is engaged in commercial pursuits in Calcutta; the other two reside in England—one, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, being rector of Hawarden, while the other, the Right Hon. Herbert John Gladstone, is a member of Parliament for Leeds, with the promise of a brilliant political career. Two of the daughters are married, one of them being the wife of the Rev. Harry Drew, vicar of Buckley. The third surviving daughter, Helen, for a long time held the honorable position of principal of Newnham College, at Cambridge.—*From the Woman's Journal.*

The World's Purpose.

Men say that life's high hope is vain;
That one force holds the heart—the hope of gain.
Are, then, the august powers behind the veil
Weary of watch and powerless to prevail?
Have they grown palsied with the creep of age?
And do they burn no more with pallid rage?
Are the shrines empty and the altars cold,
Where once the saints and heroes knelt of old?

Not so; the vast inbrothering of man—
The glory of the universe—began
When first the mother darkness heard
The whisper, and the ancient chaos stirred.
And now the feet of Christ are in events,
Bridging the seas, shaking the continents.

His feet are heard in the historic march
Under the whirlwind, under the starry arch.
Forever the Great Purpose presses on,
From darkness unto darkness, dawn to dawn,
Resolved to lay the rafter and the beam
Of Justice—the imperishable Dream.

This is the voice of Time against the Hours;
This is the witness of the Cosmic Powers;
This is the music of the ages—this
The song whose first note shook the first abyss.

All that we glory in was once a dream;
The world-will marches onward, gleam by gleam.
New voices speak, dead paths begin to stir;
Man is emerging from the sepulchre!
Let no man dare
To write on Time's great way, "No Thoroughfare!"

—*Edwin Markham, in New York Journal.*

The Word in Nature.

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways;
But hath the present worked no sign or token?
Is God quite silent in these latter days?

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If he that spake it were not speaking still,
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will.

So, then, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought each happy season brings
To a pure spirit is a word of God.

—*Hartley Coleridge.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The worst education, which teaches self-denial, is better than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

MON.—Pain has its own noble joy, when it kindles a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid.

TUES.—Knowledge—or, more expressively, Truth—is an Ideal Whole.

WED.—One dupe is as impossible as one twin.

THURS.—We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

FRI.—Good poetry is in itself strength and joy.

SAT.—Instinct is intelligence incapable of self-consciousness.
—*John Sterling.*

A Dream.

A golden palace and a jeweled crown
And a throne for the beautiful queen,
Who kissed the cheek of a poor little maid,—
That was the way of the dream.

Soft closed eyes and a soft kissed cheek
And mamma's eyes gently abeam
With dear love-light for her own little maid,—
That was the truth of the dream.

A Lawyer's Decision.

The man who has no pity for the fatherless and widows fortunately finds little sympathy in this land. The life of Henry A. Wise records the discomfiture of such an oppressor.

There was an auction sale in the little house, and one after another the widow's few possessions fell beneath the hammer. Presently the auctioneer took up a large bowl which happened to be full of sugar, and the poor woman, anxious to save its contents, hastened into the next room to find something in which to put it.

Just as she returned the auctioneer cried "Sold!" and the purchaser insisted that the sugar was his. The widow pleaded for the little that was much to her, but the man was obdurate, and murmurs of indignation arose from the crowd. Angry at this demonstration, the man turned, and his eyes rested on Mr. Wise.

"Mr. Wise," said he, "you are a lawyer. Am I right or not? If you say I am not, I will give the sugar. If you say I am, I am entitled to it and I'll keep it."

"My friend," replied Mr. Wise, in his gentle tone, "you put a delicate and unpleasant responsibility on me. Hadn't you better decide the matter for yourself?"

"No," replied the follow, curtly. "I know what your opinion is going to be, and I want you to give it so that this whole crowd can hear it."

"Then," said Wise, "I advise you that the sugar is yours. The widow cannot take it from you. She has no redress."

"Aha!" cried the man, turning to the spectators. "What did I tell you?"

"Stop!" thundered Wise, whose manner at once changed. "I've advised you at your persistent request, as I can prove by these people. It remains for me to tell you that I charge you $5 for my advice, and I demand immediate payment. If you trifle with me in the matter of payment, you will most certainly regret it."

The man turned scarlet, and fumbling in his wallet produced a $5 bill. The crowd yelled its approval, but suddenly became silent as Mr. Wise walked up to the widow and said:

"This money is mine; I have earned it honestly. Take it and buy more sugar for your fatherless children."—*Youth's Companion.*

About Rain.

(By Eleanor Root.)

"Papa," said a little boy, "I wish you would tell me about rain. How does it come? I know it's clouds—but how does the water get into them? The teacher told us to find out and tell her. Is it hard?"

"That depends," said his father, putting down his paper. "If I were to tell you some of the things that I learned about clouds and rain when I was a boy, you would probably think that it was. But, if I showed you how much you really knew about it yourself, you would probably think it all pretty easy." The little boy looked interested, and the father continued:

"What is it that makes all the steam in the kitchen when Bridget washes?"

"It's the hot water; and, why, it's just like clouds, isn't it?"

"Just exactly. I've been on the tops of mountains when the clouds were around me just like the steam in Bridget's kitchen, Mondays—only that there was more of it. But to begin at the beginning; you say that the steam comes from the hot water."

"Yes, when the boiler's full, Bridget can hardly get the clothes out, there's so much. She just sputters!"

"Well, the earth has a big, full boiler; where do you suppose most of the water of the earth is stored?"

"Oh, in the ocean."

"Yes, and what is that heats it, just as the fire does Bridget's boiler?"

"The sun. That's the fire, isn't it?"

"Yes; and when the sun heats this big boiler of water, what do you suppose happens?"

"Why, steam ought to go up, like from Bridget's boiler. Is that the clouds?" (eagerly). "Is it, papa?"

"Yes."

"But what makes the clouds turn into rain?"

"We're coming to that. Let us go back to Bridget's kitchen for a minute. What becomes of the steam?"

"It gets on the windows, so that you can't see anything out of them; and then by and by it begins to drip like rain. Why, it is rain, isn't it?"

"Exactly. When the steam strikes against anything colder than it is itself, it separates into drops, or condenses, as we say, and falls. That is what happens to the clouds when they strike a colder current of air or a mountain side."

"Then is that why it rained so much in Seattle? The mountains were the window-panes, weren't they?"

"That is just it."

"Well, papa," said the little boy, with a sigh of relief, "I understand all about it now, perfectly. The ocean's the boiler, and the sun is the fire, and the mountains or cold air is the window-pane. I wish the teacher would give us something every single night to find out about at home!"—Every Other Sunday.

In the Dark Country.

Reference has been made in these columns to the work of the Protestant pastors in Lille and Ronbaix, with promise of some fuller account of it. The following general sketch by Miss Koethe Schirmacher, Ph. D., of Paris, is reproduced by permission from the columns of the *Signal* of Geneva.

There are in the north of France a considerable number of protestants. At Lille and Ronbaix, two important centers of metallurgy and textile industry, the protestant communities count as many as a thousand souls. That is to say, that they offer a particularly large field for the activity and devotion of their pastors.

For some years now this possibility of working on a large scale has attracted to these dark and foggy regions of northern France the very cream of our protestant ministers, most of whom, originally from the South, have been obliged to leave, not without regret, the blue and sunny sky of their birthplace.

But the greatness of the task, which without exaggeration may be called an apostolate, doubtless makes them forget the melancholy and ugly surroundings.

In a flat, uniform, monotonous country, under a low gray sky, Lille and Ronbaix stretch to infinity their long black streets. Lille, an important city of more than 200,000 inhabitants, redeems a little by a certain luxury of large and beautiful public buildings the inevitable ugliness of its factory districts. At Ronbaix, a city of 125,000 inhabitants, the factories dominate everything. Here are no prefecture of imposing aspect, no museum with gilded gratings, no cathedral, no statues.

Ronbaix is entirely made up of factories and one-story brick houses. At almost every corner one notices the show front of a wine merchant. The monotony of an English factory town hovers even over Lille, and still more strongly over Ronbaix. The climate is a climate from the other side of the Channel, an inclement mixture of rain, hail, squalls and the like; in summer a heavy damp heat that enervates.

The population, though speaking French, is in great part of Flemish origin; a strong race with little refinement in its tastes and its pleasures. A stroll through the Lille museum alone would give one a very good idea of the character of the people. One finds one's self there in Flanders, and the old Flemish painters have represented with a master hand what formerly constituted the pleasures of their compatriots: fairs, feasts, dances, scuffling and gross gallantry.

Nothing has changed in this respect for four centuries. One still meets in the streets types that one would say were taken from a picture by Hals, Teniers or Brenghel. As to drunkenness, that is the darling vice of the population of the Department of the North. The amusements consist of cock-fights, rat-terrier fights and contests between chaffinches blinded to make them sing more sweetly. Quite recently bull-fights have been introduced. These French mixed with Flemish have cruel and sanguinary delights, and there are quarters of Lille and Ronbaix which, in the night between Saturday and Sunday, as well as that between Sunday and Monday, could find nothing to envy in the savage pleasures of Saturdays and Sundays in London.

Let the reader try to picture to himself what, in such an environment, can be the situation of women of the people. Pastors who by reason of their functions are witnesses of the domestic misery of their parishioners, and who to heal the moral plagues they come in contact with must undertake patient, detailed investigations, will tell you without hestitation that for the greater part of the women any union with a man, regular marriage or free marriage, is a hell.

Under these conditions, the work of evangelization and moralization is, as all will agree, very difficult. The more so because the protestant groups form only little islets surrounded by the great floods of Catholicism.

Catholicism reigns supreme among the higher classes of the population. Most of the great manufacturers belong to the Romish church, while among the great protestant establishments the most important are apt to be English. It must be added of these, however, that religious affinity makes them ignore national differences.

The great fortunes of Lille and Ronbaix being for the most part Catholic, the Catholic clergy and institutions of the two cities are rich, receive quite considerable gifts, and have at their disposal financial resources such as the protestant pastors are very far from being able to put at the service of their cause. Lacking this world's goods, these have occupied themselves in seeking aid in the realm of ideas.

Seeing the plague of alcoholism devastating the country, they began their work with a struggle against drunkenness and against even the moderate use of fermented drinks, including wine and beer. They have formed the Anti-Alcoholic League, and personally set an example of total abstinence.

They are supported in this struggle by a devoted group of Lille scholars; doctors of natural science and professors both in the University and the Pasteur Institute. These savants apply themselves also to giving, by means of familiar talks, some ideas of the rational alimentation of little children to the mothers of that region.

Having received no domestic or housekeeping instruction, the young women do not know how to keep house, cook or bring up a child. As a consequence the infant mortality is very great. The babies are fed pap, bread, coffee, beer, even alcohol, and the husbands desert a fireside where everything is dirty, disorderly and unattractive.

The pastors of Lille and Roubaix have also found helpers outside of their societies among the socialist workers and even the anarchists of the region.

Firm republicans, socialists themselves in the sense that the intellectual and moral development of the masses seems to them to be their principal task, the pastors have made advances toward this already very intelligent and developed part of the population. They have offered a hand to the men of these advanced parties, and laying aside their black attire, they have succeeded in meeting and coming to an understanding with them on this new ground of the amelioration of social conditions.

At regular intervals questions of order and of general interest, questions of political economy, of hygiene, of legislation, etc., are treated at the "Solidarity" of Lille and at that of Ronbaix, and this independently of any party, religious or political. Interesting discussions follow these lectures, which are attended by a public made up of men and women belonging mostly to the working class.

Finally, a great help comes to the pastors through their wives, who in spite of numerous and absorbing domestic occupations, share the convictions, the interests and the labors of their husbands, and assume the task of exercising a moral influence over the young working women, the wives and mothers.

There is much to be done in this direction. The

working woman of Lille or Ronbaix earns her living very painfully. One must be very expert to obtain for eleven hours' work the maximum wage of the region, that is to say from 60 to 70 cents. Others get only 40, 35 and 30 cents, or even less.

Professional instruction is given in the factories themselves; combing wool, spinning, etc. The work is done in the midst of a deafening noise and a temperature so high that in summer especially it obliges the women to partially disrobe. As the personnel of the factories is mixed, the sexes work side by side, and foremen are employed but not forewomen, there is here a constant source of moral danger for the women.

Women's unions have no existence in the region. The men constantly complain of the competition of women, but the idea that the admission of women to the men's unions is the only way to prevent the occurrence of this competition is only now beginning to enter their minds. To spread this idea, indeed, was the object of our sojourn in the North. If we have to some extent succeeded, we shall rejoice, because at Lille and Ronbaix, as elsewhere, it is the unspeakable economic misery of the women which most often pushes them into prostitution; though the desire of luxury, the taste for pleasure, as we were informed by competent persons, is equally, in this country of great toil and insolent wealth, a very considerable cause of easy morals among the young working women.

What is a "Solidaritary?"

The following description of this new form of social activity is to be found in the report made by one of the Lille pastors to the Protestant Association for the Practical Study of Social Questions Pastor Quievreux says:

Externally a solidarity is an establishment with a large hall and platform, as many smaller halls as possible, a library, a gymnasium if funds permit, and always a kitchen.

As to its aim and activity, a solidarity is first of all a religious work; its definite aim, individual conversion. Hence the institution of religious gatherings, prayer meetings and systematic religious instruction. The religious character of the solidarity is clearly and distinctly announced. But it is by moral uplifting that the Christian philanthropist often leads souls to religion. "I want to be," said a young member of one of these solidarities, in his infantile wisdom, "I want to be of the religion that has cured my papa of drinking." This work, therefore, is one of moralization, especially directed for the moment against intemperance and debauchery, two evils which sustain each other, since many of the saloons in our large cities increase the sale of their liquors by incitements to debauchery.

Two features distinguish the activity of the solidarities: 1. The lectures or addresses there are followed by an appeal for action translating itself into pledges. For temperance work the solidarities have connected themselves with the Blue Cross League and the French Anti-Alcohol League, but not with the League of Public Morality, which requires no pledge. For that a new league has been substituted, the White Star, which already has several sections in France and about 200 members in Lille and Ronbaix. 2. The solidarities seek simultaneously the reform of the individual and that of his environment. Economic questions are closely connected with ethical ones. In combatting debauchery, for example, it is not individual depravity alone which leads to it, but the conditions of labor in shop and factory, the crowded lodgings where promiscuity is inevitable, and the insufficiency of women's wages.

Popular entertainments where wholesome food refreshes the body, while music and conversation give recreation to the mind, form another happy innovation of the solidarities.

It is a pedagogical work which the founders of the solidarity pursue (Sunday and Thursday schools) a work of mutuality, rudimentary as yet, which included the founding of mutual benefit associations, protection, free loans and finally the drawing different classes nearer together by the institution of friendly societies for the study of ethical and social questions. At Ronbaix and Lille anarchists and socialists have been invited and have participated in very courteous fashion in private talks, but, for the present at least, the socialist-labor party seems impenetrable to religious influence. All these enterprises are consolidated (solidarized, if one may coin an equivalent for the French word; that is, not only connected but directed toward the common end: evangelization in its broadest sense, the establishment of the kingdom of God.

Solidarities are the evangelization houses of Christian socialism. They differ both from the churches and from the popular universities of socialism. The principle of Christian socialism is that the gospel ought to inter-penetrate everything all life, private, public, social, even that which many Christians would like to withdraw from its influence: commerce, politics, art, science, etc. A theocratic ideal? Yes, if by that is understood not the sovereignty of the clergy but of the spirit, the spirit of Christ. In this sense there is and there ought to be a Christian family, Christian commerce, Christian politics and social economy. On some points we are sure; we know, for example, what a Christian family ought to be; on others we have as yet no precise doctrine. We shall study and we shall learn.

M. E. H.

The Unsuccessful.

We met them on the common way;
They passed and gave no sign—
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are earth's splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the wounds of combat, some
Are prone upon their shields.

To us, that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail.

—*Elizabeth C. Cardozo, in May Century.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

JOAN OF ARC.—This pure heroine of the fifteenth century is on the way not only to be canonized, but to become the patroness of clericalism. With the effrontery which too often characterizes its maneuvers, the clerical party has been trying for some years already to turn to its advantages the heroic memories of the heroine of Orleans and Reims. It is, in truth, a somewhat arduous undertaking to transform into a defender of the church—or at least of that part of it which now takes in hand her interests—one whom the church "snatched from her body," in the language of the decree pronounced against her by a purely ecclesiastical tribunal, a decree which involved death at the stake.

Nevertheless, a certain Father Ollivier, who recently pronounced a panegyric on Joan of Arc at Dijon, did not hesitate to attempt this *tour de force*. His effort was rather nullified by Pastor Cadix, who, in an article in the *Petit Courtois*, recalled the simple fact that among the executioners of Joan of Arc were not only the infamous Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvaix, but also nine other bishops, as many archdeacons and canons, 22 priests, monks, inquisitors, counselors of the Holy Office, and a nearly equal number of doctors of theology.

Did Mr. Cadix do well to reawaken these memories so sad and humiliating for catholicism? If we were in a time of peace, of toleration, of mutual respect for differing religious opinions, it would certainly be better to let them sleep; but we may defend ourselves when attacked. Now Father Ollivier, under pretext of eulogizing Joan of Arc, had violently attacked protestantism, discoursing on Calvin as a traitor and calling the reformers "that gang of sham liberals." One must admit that a considerable lack of the historic sense and a good deal of anti-protestant feeling are necessary to invoke against the reformers Joan of Arc, who lived a century before them. The English and those unworthy Frenchmen who condemned her were all Catholics as much as the good Frenchmen whom she led to victory, and those who are not blinded by passion cannot but ask what the reformers and protestantism have to do in the matter.—*Le Protestant.*

SUNDAY REST.—The municipal authorities of St. Gall have reinforced the requirements concerning Sunday rest and decided that not merely on the four chief holidays, but on the ordinary holidays as well, the offering for sale of any merchandise whatever, except food supplies and pharmaceutical products, will be prohibited. Hitherto on ordinary Sundays the sale of all kinds of merchandise was authorized from ten in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon.

In the demi-canton Obwald, a Catholic country, the Sunday rest is legally obligatory and very strict. Some presidents (or, as we say, mayors) have tried, doubtless on a demand from the people, to obtain a little more liberty. For instance, they asked that in case of need it might be permissible to get in the crops on Sundays or holidays. The clergy would not listen to this, and in face of very strong opposition the request was withdrawn.—*Ibid.*

PROPOSED NEW SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.—One of the topics on the program of the second International Congress on Women's Work and Institutions held last month in Paris was the utility of promoting agricultural instruction for women, and the best means of doing so. Of the deliberations of the Congress on this subject we have as yet seen no report. In the meantime one government at least, and that the Russian, is seriously considering the question and steadily developing its plans for giving such instruction. For this purpose the Russian Department of Agriculture has appointed two committees, one to concern itself with the laying out of a course of agricultural study for women; the other to plan for a special agricultural school for them. Already the names of 90 women desirous of taking such a course have been enrolled, and it is proposed to give, between the 1st of May and the 1st of September, 350 lessons in zoology, botany, chemistry, the utilization of milk, and kindred subjects.

Another new school project is announced in Switzerland. The Hotelkeepers' Association has been holding its general conference at Aaran. In response to a request from the women's branch of the Swiss Society of Public Utility, concerning the employment of women in hotels, the Association appointed a committee to consider the question of establishing a professional school for women similar to the one for training butlers already existing at Ouchy. Funds will be collected for such a school. M. E. H.

CLASSIC AMHERST.—The following interesting letter meant for the narrower circle of Tower Hill is too good to keep from the wider reading. The writer is still plain Mr. Crooker to the UNITY constituency, but the D. D. recently conferred upon him by St. Lawrence University will set with such grace upon the scholarly preacher that very soon it will inevitably be Dr. Crooker.—EDS.

Dear Friend Jones:

Greetings to you and "Tower Hill" from classic old Amherst, nestled between the Pelham Hills, that were textbooks to Henry Ward Beecher, and the Holyoke Range, in the shadow of which Mary Lyon laid the foundations of her school for women. Here Webster wrote his dictionary; here Eugene Field spent his boyhood; here Emily Dickinson spent her pathetic life and wrote her unique poems; here died last summer the sister, Lavinia, a wonderfully quaint character, representative of a strange but vanishing phase of New England life, seen of few, but to know her was an experience to be remembered all one's days. Hard by the birthplace of the noble ecclesiastic, Bishop Huntington, whose venerable form is one of the summer attractions of the arbored streets. Over beyond Mt. Tom lies old Deerfield with its ancient traditions of Bloody Brook and Indian massacre. Just in sight at Northampton the stately elms under which the saintly Jonathan Edwards wrote those horrible sermons. Here graduated Dr. John Langdon Dudley, whose eloquent voice was heard in every liberal pulpit in Wisconsin. Under these very trees, making their shaded paths sacred places to me, walked our dear friend, Henry Doty Maxson, a pure soul and most lovable brother. From beautiful Amherst, most attractive spot on earth to me, I send you summer greetings and perpetual good wishes. Yours,

J. H. CROOKER.

Amherst, Mass, July 9, 1900.

CHICAGO.—The return of Mr. Mangasarian to Chicago to lead a new Free Religious movement in the center of the city is a significant hint of the restless quality of certain elements in a big city. There are already four or five well-organized Sunday movements in the heart of the city, while the outer circles of the residence portion seem to be fairly overchurched with churches that are only partially filled and are sustained with difficulty, and still there is a large unchurched element going hither and yon as sheep without a shepherd, more or less conscious of their homeless condition. Mr. Mangasarian is a brilliant pulpit orator, already well known in Chicago, and in coming back he comes to his own. His return ought to help all liberal and open movements. There are men and women enough for all the movements. If, after learning to stand apart heroically, they will learn to stand together valliantly the distracted city will soon become the city noble, the city harmonious. Welcome to Mangasarian! Success to his movement!

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Latest Bulletin.

The eleventh session under the leadership of Jenkin Lloyd Jones will be held July 15 to August 18, with the following outline program:

SUNDAYS.—Next Sunday, July 15, opening sermon by Mr. Jones at 2:30 p. m., "The Undertow of the Century."

GROVE MEETINGS.—August 5, 12 and 19.

VESPER READINGS from the poets every Sunday evening, 7 o'clock.

FORENOONS.—July 16-20, 23-27: Studies led by Mr. Jones—Modern English Poets and Painters, The Pre-Raphaelites, William Morris, Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, etc. July 30 to August 3: The dramas of Victor Hugo by Miss Annie Mitchell, of Chicago. August 6-10: The Apocryphal Literature of the Jews, or the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments,

by Mr. Jones. August 13-17: The Master Bards—Browning, Emerson, Whitman—Mr. Jones.

AFTERNOONS, SCIENCE.—Studies from Nature. Professor L. S. Cheney, of the University of Wisconsin, Trees; Professor Marshall, of the University of Wisconsin, Insect Life; Dr. L. G. Libby, of the University of Wisconsin, Birds; Professor Perisho, of the Platteville Normal School, Home Geology; T. R. Ll. Jones, of the Hillside Home School, Snakes, Skunks and Woodchucks; Hon. R. L. Joiner, Wild Animals that are Dangerous, Wild Fruit and Some More Tales of the Forest.

EVENINGS.—During the course H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, will give three lectures on Ruskin and one on Dante. There will be illustrated lectures by Mr. Jones on Glastonbury, Victor Hugo's Les Miserables, John Brown, Munkacsy and the Pre-Raphaelite painters.

Registration fee entitling admittance to all the exercises, $5.

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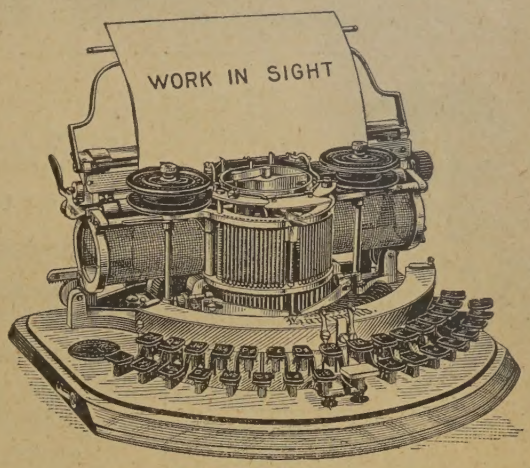

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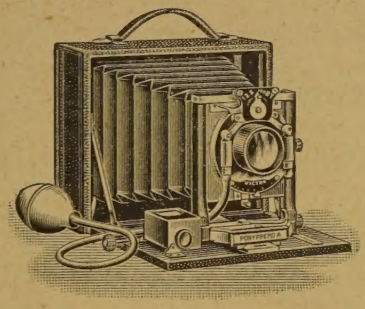

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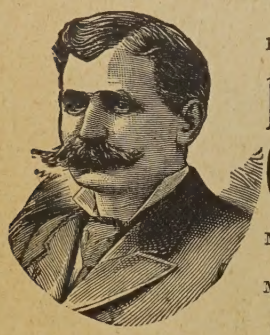

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